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THE TOASTS OF THE Rump-Steak Club.

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PROLOGUE.

SUCH is the Liſt of our Heroick Band,
Unhappy *W*——— read it, and deſpair:
In this united ſhining Band behold
Charms ev'n ſuperior to thy *Potent Gold:*
Charms which may rob thee of thy *ſervile Train,*
And win thoſe Hearts, that Virtue could not gain.
Ceaſe then to hope, that Fortune's partial Hand
Will long ſupport thy inſolent Command:
Thou canſt not ſtem the Nation's ſwelling Tide,
With all the Weight of Beauty on its Side.

1. *The Ducheſs of* Queensberry.

FAIR Patroneſs of Wit and Liberty,
Whoſe bright Example taught us to be *Free!*
Baniſh'd from Courts, amidſt this Circle reign,
No falſe, no ſervile, no corrupted Train:
Here free-born *Britons* ſhall thy Empire boaſt,
And Foes to *W*—— emulate their Toaſt.

2. *The Ducheſs of* Marlborough.

TELL me no more of Youth, this Glaſs ſhall boaſt
An old, immortal, undecaying Toaſt!
In the quick Luſtre of whoſe piercing Eye
Still ſhine the beauteous Sparks of Liberty:
Whoſe Spirit undepreſs'd by Fourſcore Years,
Except for *England*'s Safety, knows no Fears;
From whom a Race of Toaſts and Patriots came,
England ſhall pledge me, when I *Marlb'rough* name.

3. *Lady* Hervey.

WHILE Wit or Beauty boaſt a Charm,
While *That* can ſtrike, or *This* can warm,
Vivacity of Mind, or Feature,
Or Elegance of Art, or Nature,
Sweet *Hervey*'s Name ſhall glad the Board:
I mean my Lady—not my Lord.

4. *Lady* Robert Walpole.

WHEN once the *Kit-Kat* could a *W*—— boaſt,
He was a *Whig*, and Madam was a *Toaſt*:
Now he's Sir *R*——*t*, ſhe paſt Twenty One,
The *Whig* and *Toaſt* are both for ever gone!

5. *Young Lady* W——e.

GO, ſprightly *Rolles*, go, travel Earth and Sea,
And fly the Land where Beauty is not free.
By your own Wealth enſlav'd to one you hate,
Mourn not your own, but think on *Britain*'s Fate.
Life may be welcome on ſome happier Shore,
Where not a *W*— ſhall approach thee more.

6. *Lady*

6. *Lady* Denbigh.

WHO this Charge to Noble *Denbigh* gave,
Or quit your Penſion, Peer, or be a Slave;
Dare to be poor, reply'd the *Belgian* Dame,
And take what Monarchs cannot give thee, Fame.
Lux'ry and Bonds belong to prouder Pow'rs,
But Freedom and Frugality are ours.
To *Denbigh*'s Heroine let the Bowl flow round,
With *Belgian*, *Spartan*, *Roman* Virtue crown'd!

7. *Lady* Wallace.

THOU Patriot Dame, whoſe gen'rous Boſom ſhares
More than its Part in all thy Country's Cares;
Whoſe Female Softneſs gives thy Virtues Grace;
Whoſe Manly Virtues dignify thy Face;
The dying Spark of Liberty reſtore,
Bid us be what thy *Wallace* was before.
Let all our Patriots catch thy Heav'nly Fire,
And act the Virtues, that thy Eyes inſpire.
Thy Smiles, diſtinguiſhing the Free and Brave,
Shall ſcorn a Conqueſt, where they find a Slave.
Thy nobler Ribbands ſhall adorn Diſgrace,
Thy Breaſt to Merit give a happier Place;
Thou and thy Virtue ev'ry Heart inflame,
Till *Love* and *Publick Spirit* be the ſame.

8. *Ducheſs of* Mancheſter.

THOU faireſt *Pallas* of the *Britiſh* Iſle,
Unbend thy haughty Brow, and deign to ſmile;
Contemn, like her, the Charms of Soft Deſire,
O come, if not to warm us, to inſpire.
No little Loves poſſeſs thy Patriot Heart,
The Love of *Britain* reigns in ev'ry Part;
Nor ought thy ſcorn'd Admirers to complain,
The noble Rival juſtifies Diſdain.

9. *Ducheſs of* Bedford.

THOU blooming Offspring of great *Marlb'rough*'s Line,
Propitious on the Patriot Virtues ſhine,

Make the fair Cauſe of Liberty thy own;
'Till Hirelings bluſh their gilded Bonds to own;
'Till humble Tools to Greatneſs, Slaves in Place,
Shall envy the Wiſe Pride of free Diſgrace:
So thy reſiſtleſs, all-reſtoring Charms
May emulate thy brave Forefathers Arms;
Who by that Spirit warm'd, which glows in thee,
Ne'er triumph'd, but to ſet the Nation free.

10. *Counteſs of* Burlington.

W— may give himſelf ſtrange Airs,
But ſure he'll find it hard to ſpoil
The Wit and Senſe of one, that bears
The Name of *Saville* and of *Boyle*.
While *Juno's* Air, or *Pallas'* Arts,
Engage our Homage or Applauſe,
With *Burlington* all Heads and Hearts
Shall liſt in Freedom's glorious Cauſe.

11. *Miſs* Barnard.

O Sprung from *Barnard*, *London's* prudeſt Boaſt,
Tho' with his Praiſes thine can ne'er be loſt,
Yet with theſe Patriots here inrol thy Name,
And with thy Beauty grace thy Father's Fame.

12. *Miſs* Fowler.

B*Acchus* crown the ſwelling Bowl,
Raiſe the Patriot's generous Soul,
While the Muſes lead along
Fowler to this lovely Throng.

13. *Miſs* Delmé.

LET Senſe, let Virtue and diſcerning Taſte,
United ſhine on Fame's bright Volume plac'd,
Then ſhall thy Praiſe, unrival'd *Delmé*, laſt;
Long as the *Sturdy Beggars* ſhall be griz'd,
Long as the *Sordid Penſioner* deſpis'd;
As long as Freedom loathes th' *Exciſe*, and Shame,
With Curſes brands the *baffled Author's* Name!

14. *Miſs*

14. *Miſs* Cantillon.

ILluſtrious Sons of Liberty and Wit,
Amid Reſentment o'er your Country's Woe,
Awhile the gentle Aid of Mirth admit,
And to *Cantillon* bid the Goblet flow.

15. *Miſs* Jenny Johnſon, *Niece to Sir* Jo. Barnard.

SINCE, in this Circle of the Brave and Great,
Thou, Heav'n-born Freedom, haſt aſſum'd thy Seat,
Sweet-ſmiling *Venus* ſhall thy Preſence grace,
As *Johnſon*'s Charms command the ſparkling Glaſs.

16. *Miſs* Peggy Hayes.

UNequall'd *C*——, ſay what matchleſs Dame
Shall with thy Glaſs the free-born Mind inflame?
For thee, untaught in Flattery, the Muſe
Shall from the blooming Train of *Venus* chuſe
Beauty with Freedom, with Politeneſs Truth,
Soft with each Grace, and gay with flow'ry Youth;
Hays, in the tendereſt Muſick of my Lyre,
Which Love alone, and Liberty inſpire,
I bear to thee, Great Miniſter of Fame,
And, O ye Patriots, [illegible] Name.

EPILOGUE.

WHEN *Sinon* with Succeſs his Wiles employ'd,
And *Troy* by evil Counſels was deſtroy'd:
When into every Houſe and Tenement
Rapacious *Grecians*, like *Exciſemen*, went:
When every Guardian God his Charge forſook,
Venus alone the *Trojan* Party took,
And kindly ſought from ſervile Bonds to ſave
A choſen Remnant of the Juſt and Brave,
From whom ſhould riſe a Nation Free and Great,
The future Glories of the *Roman* State.

Thus,

Thus, gentle *Venus*, Guardian of our Isle,
On this thy faithful Band of Patriots smile;
Thou, and thy lovely Train their Breasts inspire
With Virtues such as *England's* Wants require,
Beneath thy soft Protection
Superior to each false, each Traitor Foe,
And this drooping Country, ill her Fame
Shall match the *Trojan* or the *Roman* Name.

SINCE, heav'n-born Freedom, hail adjourn'd thy Seat,
Sweet-smiling Venus shall thy Presence grace,
As Solyman's Charms command the sparkling Glass,

UNequall'd Creature, say what matchless Dame
Shall with thy Glass the free-born Mind inflame?
For thee, untaught in Flattery, the Muse
Shall from the blooming Train of Venus chuse
Beauty with Freedom, with Politeness Truth,
Suit with each Grace, and gay with lively Youth.
Hers, in the tenderest Music of my Lyre,
Which Love alone, and Liberty inspire.
I bear to thee, Great Miss, the Name,
And, O ye Patriots,

WHEN Simon with Success his Wiles employ'd,
And Troy by evil Counsels was destroy'd:
When into every House Enticement
Rapacious Grecians, like went:
When every Guardian Charge forlook,
Venus alone the Trojan Party took,
And kindly fought from servile Bonds to save
A chosen Remnant of the Just and Brave,
From whom should rise a Nation Free and Great,
The future Glories of the Roman State.